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The "Show" Actress

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WALTER H. BAKER CO., Boston, Mass.

The "Show" Actress

A Comedy in One Act

By

J. C. McMULLEN

Author of "When a Feller Needs a Friend," "Turning the Trick," "Wives to Burn," "The Boob," etc.

NOTE

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1922

PS 3525
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The "Show" Actress 1922

CHARACTERS

PA MARTIN.

MA MARTIN.

DANNY, *the chore boy.*

MANDY, *the village "snoop."*

ZEK'L FROST, *the constable.*

MISS JORDAN.

GOLDIE, *the "show" actress.*

SCENE.—Dining-room of the Martin farmhouse, near Hillville, Vt.

TIME.—About five o'clock in the afternoon.

NOTE ON CHARACTERS

The characters practically explain themselves. Costumes should be the usual standard of small town people with the exception of Miss Jordan and Goldie, the former wearing a neat traveling dress and hat, while the latter should be extravagantly overdressed, with her hair done up in an extreme style and with large earrings, etc.



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The "Show" Actress

SCENE.—*The stage is set with dining table L. Ordinary dining-room or kitchen chairs around the room. Old-fashioned sideboard R. Other furniture as desired. Dishes, table-cloth, knives and forks, etc., ready for preparing the table, should be on the sideboard.*

(The curtain rises on MA at table rolling pie dough. MANDY is seated R., wearing a bonnet, as though she had just come in.)

DANNY *(enters C. D. with bucket of water which he places on the table near MA)*. Here's your bucket of water, Mrs. Martin.

MA. Thanks, Danny. Now you run along and feed the pigs. *(He starts and stops as she gives him each succeeding order.)* And Danny, bring in the eggs and put the bars up so the colt can't git into the orchard, and see that the door of the chicken coop is fastened, and pump enough water for cleanin' the milk pails when Goldie's done milkin', and run down to the mail-box and see if Pa's paper's come. *(To MANDY.)* Pa simply has to have his paper to read at nights. *(DANNY by this time is just going out C. D.)* And Danny: *(He stops.)* Get down enough hay for Pa to feed Betsy when he gits in and see that the barn doors are open so's he can drive the buggy in, and have the gate to the lane open for him, too.

DANNY. Is that *all*?

MA. That's all, Danny.

[He exits C. D.]

MANDY. Lands sakes alive, Ma Martin! How do you ever expect that boy to remember half the stuff you told him?

MA (*confidently*). Oh, Danny'll remember all right. He's a right smart boy, Danny is. A good boy, too. Appreciates the home we give him since his folks died.

MANDY. He must have a mighty good memory anyhow. How's that girl Goldie makin' out? That "show" actress.

MA. Mandy Freeman, that girl will be the death of me yet. I've hearn tell of how girls in the city is raised. But mercy me! I never imagined anybody could be as dumb as that girl is.

MANDY (*moving chair over to right side of table near MA*). Do tell! I've been that anxious to hear about her. (*Mysteriously*.) Was she really one of them barefoot dancers you hear so much about nowadays?

MA. Barefoot dancer! Humph! From some of the stuff she tells you'd think she danced without any —

MANDY (*drawing herself up primly*). Ma Martin! Be careful of what you say.

MA. I ain't said it yet, and I do wish, Mandy Freeman, you wouldn't pick a person up so quick. I can't abide it.

MANDY. Can she do anything around the house at all?

MA. Not a thing. Told her to mash some potatoes for dinner yesterday. I was in here darnin' Pa's socks. Pretty soon I heard the awfulest racket in the kitchen and when I went out what do you think?

MANDY. How should I know what to think?

MA. That girl had eight or ten potatoes on the kitchen table, raw potatoes at that, and was a-mashin' them with the hammer.

MANDY. Did you ever hear tell of such a thing!

MA. I wouldn't keep her only the minister asked me to, and Pa's took a fancy to her. Ain't no fool like an old one, says I.

MANDY. And the minister asked you to take her in?

MA. Yes, he did. You see when the troupe she was in disbanded, busted up, Goldie puts it, they didn't have no money to go anywheres and of course the poor critters had to eat, so the minister interested himself in them and come to me to see if I couldn't use this one, Goldie

Bingham, she calls herself. She expects to get enough money somehow to get back to New York but I don't see how on earth she's ever goin' to get it.

MANDY. Landsy me! Whatever possessed a burlesque troupe to think they could draw a crowd in Hillville?

MA. That's just what I asked Goldie. She says she thinks their manager, who by the way has disappeared, was headed up this way for a reason. She says he organized the troupe in Boston, and got her to join, tellin' her he was going to make her the star, whatever that is. They played in some kind of a cheap house in Boston but business wasn't good so they went on the road. They played in Fitchburg and Manchester and Concord, and on up until they struck Hillville. He wanted to take them on to Plainton but didn't have money to pay their carfare beyond Hillville, at least so he says, but Goldie don't believe it. Then of course when nobody turned out to see them here they went to pieces.

MANDY. And what became of the rest of them?

MA. They all left but one girl, a Miss Jordan, that's staying close in her room over at the hotel. Goldie says she's a real lady —

MANDY. A real lady a-wearin' tights and traveling with a burlesque show?

MA (*paying no attention to her*). She's supposed to be waiting for some friend in New York to send her money to get away but it seems they ain't much interested in sendin' it, as it's over a week now since Goldie's been here and the girl's been in the hotel room all that time.

MANDY. How many of 'em was there?

MA. About a dozen, I guess. The rest of them started out countin' the ties to Montpelier, so Goldie says, but I'll be cow-kicked if I know what good it'll do 'em to know how many ties there is in the railroad track between here and Montpelier. Some folks ain't got no sense and I thinks them as is on the stage has less than any. And the talk of 'em! I asked Goldie this evening if she could milk and she grabbed the bucket and stool out of my

hand and said "Sure Mike! Lead me to it." She's out at the barn now and I do wonder how she's makin' out.

GOLDIE (*enters with empty bucket and small stool*). Well! I never did think I'd be much on this pretty milkmaid stuff and now I'm sure of it.

MA. What's the matter now? (*Notices empty bucket.*) Didn't you git the milkin' done?

GOLDIE. Nix on the milking stuff, dearie. I takes the stool and the bucket and I goes out to this here cow and I picks a nice gentle looking one, without them things on its head. (*Puts hands up to illustrate for horns.*) You know. Sure you do. I puts the stool under her and I sets the bucket on it, real nice and careful like. (*Illustrates with bucket and stool.*) Then I stands back and I says to that bovine animal, "Commence! Shoot! Get it out of your system." But do you think I got any milk? Nary a drop! That cow just turned her glassy eye toward me, flopped her gum to the other side of her face, give me the O. O. like a millionaire dame looking down on a scrub woman, and then proceeded to kick the bucket over and walk across the yard to some of her friends on the other side, meantime givin' the cow-laugh up her sleeve for the poor boob as thought she could get milk out of anything else but a bottle.

MA. Great heavens, girl! Milk don't come from a cow like, like—well, like rain. You've got to take it from them.

GOLDIE (*as though astonished*). Would you listen at it! What do you do? Push a button and let it run, or grab it some dark night when the cow ain't lookin'?

MA. Oh! You'll be the death of me yet. Here! Finish these pies and give me that bucket. (*Takes bucket and starts toward C. D.*) 'Pears as though you ain't good for nothin'. [*Exits C. D.*]

GOLDIE. Atta girl! Go to it! I'll bet that old cow won't hold no seances with her friends when Ma Martin gets on the job.

MANDY. Didn't you ever milk a cow?

GOLDIE. Now where on earth would I ever have a chance to milk a cow?

MANDY. When you were a girl, wasn't —

GOLDIE (*pityingly*). Now dearie! Tell me, pray, what a decent, self-respectin' cow would be doin' wanderin' around on the Bowery. (*Goes to table and looks at dough.*) What'll I do with this?

MANDY. Make the pie, of course. The dough's all ready. Put the apples in and bake it.

GOLDIE. Heavens! Is that the way you make a pie? I thought you got 'em from the baker's.

MANDY. Well, wouldn't he have to bake 'em?

GOLDIE. Would he? Yuh can't prove it by me.

(*Begins putting whole apples in pie.*)

MANDY. Don't put 'em in like that. Slice 'em.

GOLDIE. What for?

MANDY. So's they'll cook, of course.

GOLDIE (*slicing apples in big chunks*). Gee! Cookin's a lot of trouble, ain't it?

MANDY (*after a slight pause, during which MANDY has been watching GOLDIE intently*). Might I ask if you was one of them barefoot dancers I've hearn tell of?

GOLDIE (*without looking up from her work*). You might.

(*Pause. MANDY waiting for GOLDIE to answer and GOLDIE making no indication that she will do so.*)

MANDY (*pertly*). Well, you ain't answered me yet?

GOLDIE. I sure did.

MANDY (*positively*). You did not. I said, "Might I ask if you was one of them barefoot dancers I've hearn tell of."

GOLDIE. And I said you might, but I didn't say I'd tell yuh.

MANDY (*rising indignantly*). Well, the idea! Of all the sassy —

GOLDIE (*reaches over and pats MANDY on shoulder*). Now don't get rough up the back, old girl.

MANDY. I am not an old girl. I was only fifty-two my last birthday.

GOLDIE. Gee whiz! Also I'll be horn-swoggled! I'd

never 'a' took you to be over fifty-one and a half if you hadn't told me. Never in the wide world, dearie.

(PA enters kitchen door.)

MANDY (*angrily*). You impertinent, bold thing. I never was so insulted in my life. I'm going to tell Ma Martin the first time I see her, what you've said. You common show actress! (*Sweeps out c. d. majestically.*)

GOLDIE (*at c. d.*). Atta girl! Get it off your chest and you'll feel better. (PA hangs his hat on nail by kitchen door and goes down c. GOLDIE turns and sees him.) Back from town?

PA. What did you do to Mandy?

(Sits in chair by table.)

GOLDIE (*finishing pie*). Nothin'! Nothin' a-tall. She tried to nose into my business and I set down on her like a ton of brick. That's all.

PA. Good for you, Goldie. Don't let none of them rub it in.

GOLDIE. Leave it to Goldie, kid! (PA laughs.) Say, Pa Martin! (*Pulls stool over and sits at his feet.*) You know this Zek'l Frost on the next farm?

PA. Yep, quite well, and he's a mighty fine boy.

GOLDIE. Is he?

PA. Sure is. Well thought of too. Why, he's the youngest constable Hillville ever had. Town 'lected him when he was only twenty-three, and we didn't make no mistake, neither.

GOLDIE. He's been over every evening since I came, and last night he tried to ask me to marry him.

PA. How do you know that? Zek'l's so derved bashful he's never known to git more than one word out at a time.

GOLDIE. Don't ask me how I know, I just know. Now what I want to ask you is this: I ain't nothin' but an actorette in a bum burlesque troupe, and it on the rocks, but when Zek'l does get up enough spunk to ask me ought I to say "yes"?

PA (*after a moment's thought*). Air you worrying about Zek'l or about yourself?

GOLDIE. A little bit about both.

PA (*thoughtfully*). Goldie, Zek'l Frost is a mighty fine boy. He couldn't be anything else and come from the stock he did, so we'll drop Zek'l.

GOLDIE. Yeh, I guess we can drop Zek'l and take up Goldie.

PA. Exactly. Air you free to marry?

GOLDIE. You mean have I ever been tied up, or divorced, or anything like that?

PA. Yes.

GOLDIE. I ain't never seen a man I was willing to tie up to for life—till I met Zek'l.

PA (*turns her face toward him*). Look up at me, Goldie. (*Looks into her eyes.*) Could you make him a good wife, Goldie?

GOLDIE (*earnestly*). Pa Martin, my right name's Mag Fletcher. I was born some place on the Bowery. I never did know who my parents were, and I know nothing, but a lot of slang; but I've lived clean and decent, and I ain't ashamed to look any man in the face, even if I was in a burlesque troupe.

PA. If that's the truth, Goldie, and I believe it is, when he asks you, say "Yes."

GOLDIE. When he asks me. Gee! I wish he wasn't so darned slow. (*Goes back to making pies.*)

PA (*after a short pause*). There's something I've wanted to speak to you about, Goldie, ever since you came here. I have a daughter, name of Hope, as left home three years ago through havin' a quarrel with her step-ma. Ma, you see, is my second wife. I've hearn tell Hope is on the stage but I ain't certain, for she's never writ me since she left. Postmaster Hicks says he seen her in a show once in Boston, but when he tried to see her, she wouldn't see him. I wrote, but my letter came back. I wondered, Goldie, if you ever bumped into her. Here's her picture. (*Takes picture from pocket and hands it to GOLDIE.*) If she'd only come home.

(*Shakes head sadly.*)

GOLDIE. Only for the clothes being different, she's a dead ringer for —

MA (*enters with bucket of milk which she places on table. Begins to speak as soon as she enters. PA grabs picture from GOLDIE and puts it back in pocket at her entrance*). There! Why couldn't you have done that as easy as I could?

GOLDIE. Well, you see, Ma Mártin, I ain't never learned the combination.

MA. Combination to milk a cow! Huh! Go, and fix the bars, Pa, so's the cows can't get out. I don't want to go chasin' 'em all over creation for milkin' in the mornin'.

PA (*rises and takes hat from nail*). Supper be ready soon?

MA. Course it will; at the regular time. Now go and fix them bars. (*PA exits c. d.*) Rid the table and set it, Goldie, while I 'tend to the stuff on the stove.

[*Exits kitchen, with milk.*]

(*GOLDIE takes pies to kitchen. Places water bucket on sideboard. Gets table-cloth from drawer in sideboard. Proceeds to set table. ZEK'L enters and stands just inside center door, GOLDIE not seeing him. He makes several attempts to speak and finally calls very loudly.*)

ZEK'L. Evenin'.

GOLDIE (*startled, drops dish she has in hand*). Jerusalem the Golden! (*Turns to ZEK'L.*) Oh! It's you, Zek'l?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

GOLDIE. Come and sit down. (*He enters and sits extreme R., watching GOLDIE intently during following. GOLDIE goes back and forth to sideboard arranging table for four people*). Got your work all done for the evening, Zek'l?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

GOLDIE. Milking done so soon?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

GOLDIE. Kinda early for makin' a call, ain't it?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

(Slight pause.)

GOLDIE. Looks a little like rain, don't it?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

(Pause.)

GOLDIE. Got your hay all in?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

GOLDIE. It'll be all right then if it does rain.

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

(Pause.)

GOLDIE. Been comin' over here pretty regular lately, ain't you, Zek'l?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

GOLDIE. Suppose you've been comin' to see me?

ZEK'L. Y-yes.

GOLDIE. You're a single man, ain't you, Zek'l?

ZEK'L. Oh, y-yes.

GOLDIE *(as though surprised)*. What's the matter? You said something besides just "Y-yes" that time, didn't yuh?

ZEK'L. Goldie, will you, will you, will you, will you —

GOLDIE. Yes I will, Zek'l. If I don't stop you, I suppose you'll be keepin' that "Will you" up all night.

ZEK'L *(bashfully puts arm around her)*. Goldie, I, I, I —

DANNY *(enters with hat full of eggs. At his entrance ZEK'L hurriedly steps two or three feet away from GOLDIE and stands staring straight ahead of him. DANNY speaks before he notices ZEK'L)*. I got ten eggs, and here's the paper — *(Stops as he notices ZEK'L)*. What's the matter, Zek'l? *(Looks at him a moment, then steps up beside him and looks same direction as he is.)* What you lookin' at?

GOLDIE. Nothing at all, Danny. You take them eggs out to Ma Martin and be quick about it.

DANNY *(triumphantly)*. I know! Zek'l's sparkin' you and I ketched him!

ZEK'L (*startled*). Oh Lord! (*Rushes out c. d.*)

GOLDIE. Danny, I'd like to use a number ten on you right now.

DANNY (*surprised*). What for?

GOLDIE (*shoves him into kitchen*). Get out of here. (*Closes door after him.*) The darned little runt! (*Returns to table and sits beside it.*) Well, I'm engaged, and to a hick! I wonder what would have happened if the poor boob had kissed me. (*Sits a moment studying.*) Maybe he is a boob and a hick, but he's a man anyhow. There's a lot of things I gotta learn to be his wife and one of 'em is gettin' milk from a cow. (*Starts to arrange table.*) I sure got to get that combination. (*Sings.*) "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" (*Stops as she notices what she is singing. Speaks.*) How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm? You ain't gonna have no trouble keeping *this* bird down on the farm. I'm gonna marry a real man and have a real home and (*Begins to sing loudly.*) "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen Paree." (*Exits to kitchen. Short wait and then c. d. opens slowly and MISS JORDAN appears. She enters room, standing just inside door. GOLDIE enters from kitchen with plate of bread in one hand, butter in other. Is singing.*) "How you gonna keep 'em away from Broadway ——" (*Notices MISS JORDAN.*) Why, Miss Jordan.

(*Puts bread and butter on table and crosses to her.*)

MISS J. Goldie, I came to you for help, I—I ——

(*Staggers.*)

GOLDIE (*steadying her*). Here! Let me help you. Sit down. (*Leads her to chair by table.*) Now, what's wrong? Hungry?

MISS J. No, no! Goldie, you remember at Fitchburg when you told me you thought our manager was playing a double game?

GOLDIE. Sure shootin' I do.

MISS J. Ever since then I have been watching him. You know, of course, his company consisted of nothing but poor deluded amateurs, like myself, with the possible exception of you.

GOLDIE. Now don't let that worry you none. You'll get there and I ain't so much. I only joined because I was busted and in Boston. I'd 'a' done anything to get away from that burg.

MISS J. I couldn't understand why he was taking such a ridiculous route or why his bookings weren't arranged through the regular agencies, as we played in nothing but town halls. (*Impressively.*) Goldie, about an hour ago I found out. Our manager is none other than "Kippy" Anderson, the thief, who broke jail in Joliet three months ago.

GOLDIE (*amazed*). Jumping catfish!

MISS J. He has been using this theatrical troupe as a blind to keep away from the police, and in each of the small towns where we have stopped he has been conducting a series of robberies while the performance was going on. If you remember, he never was in the house during a performance.

GOLDIE. Yeh, I remember.

MISS J. I have been waiting at the hotel to hear from a friend in New York before I can get away from here. Last night I noticed Anderson back at the hotel and I wondered what he was here for but I said nothing to him. This afternoon I laid down for a rest, and when I awoke I heard him talking in the next room, and I heard him tell the man he was with about a trail of robberies from Fitchburg here, and they were planning to rob the Hillville bank to-night and then cross the line into Canada, as the police are on their trail. I didn't know what on earth to do. I have a reason for not wanting to be seen in Hillville, Goldie, so couldn't think how I could stop them. Finally I thought of you, and came, although I wanted to stay away from this house of all places.

GOLDIE. Travelin' with a crook, were we? The dirty, low-down sneak. I mightn't be much on education but I'm honest and I ain't bummin' around the country with

no jailbirds. Lemme see! How can we queer his little game? (*Studies a moment.*)

MISS J. I thought if you would go to the burgess or the constable——

GOLDIE (*excitedly*). Constable! Now you're spoutin', dearie. The constable'll handle it all right. (*Very dignified.*) Gaze on me, dearie. I'm engaged to the constable of Hillville.

MISS J. Goldie! Surely you are not engaged to Zek'l Frost.

GOLDIE (*surprised*). I am that, but who in blazes told you the constable was Zek'l Frost?

MISS J. (*confused*). I—I presume I heard it somewhere.

GOLDIE. He's a lalla-palooza, ain't he? Bashful as they make 'em, but I'm just bugs about him. He's been to see me every night since I came here. He just sits and gazes at me and never says a word unless I ask him something. He's sure short on pep, but I guess I got enough for both. I'm gonna marry him, Miss Jordan, and settle down and be a real honest-to-goodness hickess, whatever that is, and, say, I've gotta learn how to milk a cow. Can you do it?

MISS J. Yes, I can, Goldie; but all this talk isn't preventing Anderson from robbing that bank. Can't you go and find Zek'l and tell him what I have told you? I can wait in my—in that room there (*Points R.*) until you return. And, Goldie, please hurry.

GOLDIE. Just watch me.

MA (*heard from kitchen*). Got the table set yet, Goldie?

GOLDIE. Just done.

MISS J. Oh, she mustn't see me. (*Much frightened.*)

GOLDIE. All right; beat it in there and she won't. (*Leads MISS JORDAN into room R.*) I'll attend to Anderson. Leave it to me and Zek'l. (*Shuts door on her.*)

MA (*enters with two dishes of vegetables, which she places on table*). You hurry up, Goldie, and fetch in the rest of the supper. It must be after six now and Pa can't abide waitin' for his meals. (*GOLDIE exits to kitchen.*)

MA *goes to C. D. and calls.*) Pa! Pa! Supper. Danny! Danny! Danny! *(Pause.)* Now where can that boy be? Danny!

DANNY *(enters from kitchen).* Here I be, Mrs. Martin.

MA *(crossing to him).* Why didn't you answer me? Did you wash your face?

DANNY. Yes'm.

MA. And your hands? *(Looks at them.)*

DANNY. Yes'm.

MA. Then put the chairs around and take your seat. *(DANNY places four chairs at table and then seats himself.)* Now where can Pa be? *(At C. D.)* Pa! Hurry up! Supper's ready.

PA *(enters from kitchen).* All right, Ma. Let's eat it. *(Sits at table.)*

MA. Think you're smart, don't you, both of you. Slippin' in on me the back way. Now where's that Goldie? I swan! That girl'll be the death of me yet. *(At kitchen door.)* Hurry up, Goldie. Things'll get cold. Why, she ain't there! *(Enters kitchen and is heard calling.)* Goldie! Goldie!

DANNY. When I cum in she was beatin' it up the road toward town like a mad bull was after her.

PA. Ssssh! Don't say anything that Ma'll hear.

MA *(enters from kitchen).* She's disappeared as though the earth had up and "et" her. Well, there's no use in us lettin' things get cold. *(Seats herself at table, and they all bow their heads. DANNY raises his first and reaches slyly for a piece of cake. MA, without raising her eyes, reaches over with knife and slaps his fingers. He immediately drops his head. He and MA raise their heads together. PA holds his down. MA fidgets a moment.)* Pa Martin! Be you a-goin' to pray all night?

PA *(raising his head).* Glory be! I got to thinkin' what had become of Goldie and forgot myself.

(MANDY enters C. D. and stops inside door as she hears MA speak.)

MA *(indignantly).* Oh! You got to thinkin' what

become of Goldie, did you? Well, if you thought a little more about your wife and your meals and let "show actresses" alone, you'd be a little better off.

(Has been helping him to vegetable. Slams his plate in front of him and picks up DANNY'S.)

MANDY *(coming forward)*. What's this I hear about "show actresses"?

MA. Nothin' that would interest you, Mandy Freeman.

MANDY. Do tell! I seen your gal Goldie runnin' up town with Zek'l Frost like Satan hisself was after them and I thought I'd just step in and see what was up. *(At table.)* Greens! And this time of year. Where'd you get them, Ma Martin? I just dote on them. *(Takes off bonnet, which she places on sideboard.)* I'm so glad I happened in. *(Sits at table.)*

MA. Happened in! You're allus happenin' in at meal time.

(MANDY is helping herself to everything on the table.)

MANDY *(picks up dish of potatoes and keeps helping herself from it during following conversation, looking at PA and paying no attention to what she is doing)*. Do you know, Pa Martin, folks all over Hillville is askin' theirselves what you and Ma Martin is keepin' that "show actress" in your house for, even if the minister did ask you to do it. They say it ain't safe and that some day you'll wake up and find every one of you murdered, dead in your beds, and they wonder if you took her in 'cause your daughter —

MA *(grabbing dish from her)*. It ain't none of your business or anybody's else about our daughter and I want you to understand I want some of these potatoes myself. I didn't cook 'em all for you. *(Helps herself. Shot heard outside. MA drops dish, startled. All rise and look toward c. d.)* Land o' Goshen! What was that?

(Second shot heard. All rush to c. d. GOLDIE rushes

in, out of breath, and sits by table, all crowding around her.)

PA. } What's wrong?

MA. } Who's shot?

MANDY. } Who you runnin' from?

DANNY. } Is it burglars or somethin'?

GOLDIE. Wait a minute, till I get my breath, will you?
(*Fans herself with a plate for a moment.*) You see, it was like this: There was a guy tryin' to bust into the bank and I heard about it —

MANDY. How?

GOLDIE. None of your business, Snoobie. I heard it, that's all.

MA (*patting GOLDIE on shoulder*). I swan, Goldie, I've changed my opinion of you for that. I've wanted to do it myself for years but didn't dast. But go on.

PA. Yes, who was breakin' into the bank?

GOLDIE. The manager of this here busted burlesque troupe, who was really "Kippy" Andrews, the noted safe-breaker that broke out of Joliet three months ago. He was using us to keep away from the police and when he thought he was safe he dropped us. Anyway, when I hears what he was goin' to do I runs for Zek'l, and we beats it for the bank, hot foot, and Zek'l finds Anderson at the safe. He got away and started down this way, with Zek'l after him, and, believe me, that boy was going. Just at the bridge out there Anderson whips out a revolver and fires at Zek'l, but does it stop him? You're derved tootin' it don't. Zek'l grabs his gun and Bing! Bing! He lands Mr. Anderson.

DANNY. Did he kill him?

GOLDIE. Nope! Just crippled him so he had to stop. Zek'l grabbed him and I guess he has him in the calaboose by this time.

DANNY. Gee! It's just like Diamond Dick.

GOLDIE. There's one good thing come out of it though. Pa Martin! Take a look into that room. (*Points R.* PA *looks at her questioningly.*) Run along. [PA *exits R.*

PA (*heard in room R.*). Hope!

MISS J. (*in room R.*). Daddy!

MA (*hurries to door R.*). Hope! Home again! Thank God! (*Closes door softly.*) But how did you know, Goldie?

GOLDIE. Pa showed me her picture and I knowed it right away. She was playin' soubrette with the troupe and came here to-night to get help to stop the bank robbery. She was sticking close at the hotel as she didn't want to see any one she knowed.

MANDY. Small wonder she's stuck close to the hotel. Think of one of the Martins travelin' with a burlesque troupe and one led by a bank robber at that. I should think she would be ashamed to be seen by any one in Hillville. (*Gets bonnet.*) Well, I guess I must be goin'.

(*Puts on bonnet.*)

MA. So's you can spill the news, eh, Mandy? (*Points to chair at table.*) You set right down there, Mandy Freeman, till I tell you a few things. (*MANDY looks at MA a moment and then seats herself.*) Now, Mandy, you're gonna hear a few things you won't like. You're nothin' but a sneakin', snoopin', meddlin' old maid!

MANDY (*rising*). Ma Martin! I never was so insulted in my life. I'll tell the minister. I won't stand for such talk.

MA. Go ahead and tell him. I have a little story of my own to tell him if you do. When I married Pa Martin a little over four years ago, Hope and me got along good, as good as any girl would get along with her real Ma, let alone her step-ma. Then you begun carryin' tales to me about Hope talkin' about me.

MANDY. Now, Ma Martin——

MA. Don't deny it. You did, and I like a fool believed 'em and I made it so onpleasant for Hope it's no wonder she run off to Boston. I've been ashamed of myself but I was too proud to admit it, even though I did see it was eatin' the heart out of Pa. I was a cantankerous old woman and Pa ought to have turned me over his knee and spanked me, spanked me good and hard. And now, Mandy Freeman, you can go, and be sure and tell this, tell it to everybody, just like I've told you. If

you don't, I'll tell everybody what you done, so help me Hannah! (MANDY rises in a dignified manner, looks at MA disdainfully and goes out c. d.) I'll bet she won't pester me no more at meal times anyway. Now I'm goin' in and tell Hope what a fool I've been, but before I go I want to say you're a good girl, Goldie, even if you can't milk a cow, and I hope as how you and Zek'l will be happy, and if there's anything you want to know, come to Ma Martin. [Exits, R.]

GOLDIE (looking after her). Ma, you're all to the mustard.

DANNY. Gee, Goldie! It's been just like a Diamond Dick, ain't it?

GOLDIE. A little, Danny, but surely you don't read Diamond Dicks, do you?

DANNY. I ain't supposed to, but I do. Listen: (Takes novel from pocket and reads.) "Diamond Dick stood at bay. Below him yawned the dreadful chasm, thousands of feet deep. Behind him, coming nearer and nearer, were the terrible guns of death. What to do he knew not. But hark! What is that? A form appears." (ZEK'L appears c. d. GOLDIE notices him. She shoves DANNY out into kitchen as he reads.) "Is it friend or foe? He knows not. It comes nearer and nearer."

[He exits.]

GOLDIE. Did you get him locked up?

ZEK'L (coming front). Y-yes.

GOLDIE. Zek'l, I'm proud of you. The way you went after that man and kept on going even when he shot at you, made me want to jump and yell. And, say, Zek'l, if anything had happened to you it would have darn near killed me.

ZEK'L. Goldie!

(Is just clasping her in his arms as DANNY appears from kitchen.)

DANNY (reading as he walks toward c. d.). "'Break away!' our hero shouted." (ZEK'L attempts to withdraw his arms, but GOLDIE prevents him.) "'Break away!' he shouted again!" (ZEK'L again attempts to withdraw his

arms, and GOLDIE again prevents him.) "With that he raised his trusty rifle and let fire." [*Exits, C. D., reading.*]

(ZEK'L turns and looks after DANNY.)

GOLDIE. Say! Ain't you got enough backbone to kiss the girl you're engaged to without being scared by a kid reading a dime novel?

ZEK'L. You bet your boots I have, Goldie.

(*Kisses her.*)

CURTAIN

MUCH ADO ABOUT BETTY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By *Walter Ben Hare*

Ten male, twelve female characters, or seven males and seven females by doubling. Costumes, modern; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays a full evening. Betty, a moving picture star, going south on a vacation, loses her memory from the shock of a railway accident, and is identified as a rival, Violet Ostrich, from a hand-bag that she carries. In this character she encounters the real Violet, who has just eloped with Ned O'Hare, and mixes things up sadly both for herself and the young couple. An exceptionally bright, clever and effective play that can be highly recommended. Good Negro, Irish and eccentric comedy parts.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

LIN LEONARD, *Betty's one best bet.*
MAJOR JARTREE, of *Wichita*, not only bent, but crooked.

NED O'HARE, a jolly young honeymooner.

MR. E. Z. OSTRICH, who has written a wonderful picture-play.

DR. MCNUTT, sold ivory from the neck up.

JIM WILES, a high-school senior.

ARCHIE, a black bell-boy at the *Hotel Poinsettia*.

OFFICER RILEY, who always does his duty.

OFFICER DUGAN, from the *Emerald Isle*.

MR. EBENEZER O'HARE, a sick man and a submerged tenth.

MRS. EBENEZER O'HARE, "*Birdie*," the other nine-tenths.

AUNT WINNIE, *Betty's* chaperone.

LIZZIE MONAHAN, *Betty's* maid, with a vivid imagination.

ETHEL KOHLER, a high-school admirer of *Betty*.

VIOLET OSTRICH, a film favorite, Ned's bride.

MRS. K. M. DIGGINS, a guest at the *Hotel Poinsettia*.

DAFFODIL DIGGINS, her daughter, "*Yes, Mamma!*"

MISS CHIZZLE, one of the *North Georgia Chizzles*.

PEARLIE BROWN, *Violet's* maid, a widow of *ebon hue*.

VIOLET, *Violet Ostrich's* little girl aged seven.

DIAMOND, *Pearlie's* little girl aged six and

BETTY, the star of the *Movagraph Co.*

Jartree may double Dugan; Ned may double Riley; Jim may double Archie; Mrs. O'Hare may double Ethel; Aunt Winnie may double Pearlle and Lizzie may double Miss Chizzle, thus reducing the cast to seven males and seven females. The two children have no lines to speak.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Betty's apartments near New York. Married in haste.

ACT II. Parlor D of the *Hotel Poinsettia*, Palm Beach, Fla. Three days later. Betty loses her memory.

ACT III. Same scene as Act II. A full honeymoon.

JUST A LITTLE MISTAKE

A Comedy in One Act

By *Elizabeth Gale*

One male, five female characters, or can be played by all girls. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays forty minutes. Mrs. Ball receives a cablegram from her sister Lucy stating that Jerry will arrive that day and begging her to be cordial. Mrs. Ball then goes out to hire a cook, leaving three young friends to receive the unknown guest. The cook, sent down from the agency in haste, is greeted and entertained as Jerry and when the real Jerry (Miss Geraldine Take) arrives she is sent out to the kitchen. After considerable confusion and excitement she is discovered to be the "*Little Miss Take*." Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

HAMILTON

A Play in Four Acts

By Mary P. Hamlin and George Arliss

Eleven males, five females. Costumes of the period; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance where an admission is charged, \$25.00 for each performance. Special royalty of \$10.00 for performance by schools. This play, well known through the performances of Mr. George Arliss still continuing in the principal theatres, presents the builders of the foundations of the American Republic as real people, and its story adroitly illustrates not merely the various ability of its leading figure, Alexander Hamilton, but the unconquerable courage and determination that were his dominating characteristics. The vividness with which it vitalizes the history of its period and the power with which it emphasizes Hamilton's most admirable and desirable quality, make it most suitable for school use, for which special terms have been arranged, as above. Strongly recommended.

Price, 60 cents

CHARACTERS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

GENERAL SCHUYLER.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MONROE.

GILES.

TALLYRAND.

JAY.

ZEKIEL.

REYNOLDS.

COLONEL LEAR.

FIRST MAN.

BETSY HAMILTON.

ANGELICA CHURCH.

MRS. REYNOLDS.

SOLDIER'S WIFE.

MELISSA.

THE SCENES

ACT I.—The Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia.

ACT II.—A room in Alexander Hamilton's house in Philadelphia. (The office of the Secretary of the Treasury.)

ACT III.—The same. (Six weeks later.)

ACT IV.—A reception room in Alexander Hamilton's house. (The next morning.)

THE MINUTE MAN

A Patriotic Sketch for Girls of the High School Age in a

Prologue and Three Episodes

By Nellie S. Messer

Thirteen girls. Costumes, modern, Colonial and of the Civil War period. Scenery, three interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Betty and Eleanor, typically thoughtless girls of the present day, run across the diaries of Bess's mother and grandmother, which relate the experiences of girls of their age and kind at previous periods of their country's history, and learn a vivid lesson in patriotism. The scenes of the past are shown in dramatic episodes visualizing the matter of the diaries that they read. A very clever arrangement of a very stimulating subject, strongly recommended for all occasions where the promotion of patriotism is desired. A timely lesson strongly enforced.

Price, 25 cents

A COUPLE OF MILLION

An American Comedy in Four Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Author of "Professor Pepp," "Much Ado About Betty,"
"The Hoodoo," "The Dutch Detective," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Royalty, ten dollars (\$10.00) for each performance. A more ambitious play by this popular author in the same successful vein as his previous offerings. Bemis Bennington is left two million dollars by his uncle on condition that he shall live for one year in a town of less than five thousand inhabitants and during that period marry and earn without other assistance than his own industry and ability the sum of five thousand dollars. Failing to accomplish this the money goes to one Professor Noah Jabb. This is done despite the energetic opposition of Jabb, who puts up a very interesting fight. A capital play that can be strongly recommended. Plenty of good comedy and a great variety of good parts, full of opportunity.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

BEMIS BENNINGTON.

HON. JEREMY WISE.

JAMES PATRICK BURNS, "*Stubby*."

PROFESSOR NOAH JABB.

BEVERLY LOMAN.

SQUIRE PIPER.

FAY FAIRBANKS.

MRS. CLARICE COURTENAY.

GENEVIEVE MCGULLY.

SAMMIE BELL PORTER.

PINK.

Several Hill-Billies.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The law office of Hon. Jeremy Wise, New York City
A morning in July.

ACT II.—The exterior of the court-house, Opaloopa, Alabama.
An afternoon in October.

ACT III.—Same as Act II. The next afternoon.

ACT IV.—Mrs. Courtenay's sitting-room, Opaloopa, Alabama
A night in April.

ISOSCELES

A Play in One Act

By Walter Ben Hare

Two male, one female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Royalty \$2.50 for each performance. An admirable little travesty of the conventional emotional recipe calling for husband, wife and lover. Played in the proper spirit of burlesque it is howlingly funny. Strongly recommended for the semi-professional uses of schools of acting. A capital bit for a benefit or exhibition programme, offering a decided novelty.

Price, 25 cents

OLD DAYS IN DIXIE

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Walter Ben Hare

Five males, eight females. Scene, a single interior. Costumes of the period. Plays two hours and a quarter. Beverly Bonfoey, a high type of Southern gentleman, loves Azalea, his mother's ward, but Raoul Chaudet, a Canadian adventurer, to whom he has given the hospitality of Bonfoey, steals her love. Forced to leave suddenly because of crooked money transactions, he persuades her to elope, but this is prevented by a wonderfully dramatic device. Beverly then challenges Raoul, who shows the white feather and runs away, and Beverly, to save the family honor, assumes the consequences of his swindling transactions. The untying of this knot is the plot of a strong play with a genuine Southern atmosphere written wholly from the Southern point of view. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for subsequent performances by the same cast.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

THE PROLOGUE, *the Goddess of the South.*

MADAME BONFOEY, *mistress of the plantation.*

AZALEA, *her ward.*

NANCY, *Azalea's sister.*

COUSIN SALLIE SELLERS, *from a neighboring estate.*

PHÆBE, *a little coquette.*

MARY ROSE, *Phæbe's sister.*

MAM' DICEY, *the house mammy.*

BEVERLY BONFOEY, *the young heir.*

JUDGE PENNYMINT, *his uncle.*

RAOUL CHAUDET, *a visitor from Quebec.*

CAMEO CLEMM, *from the city.*

UNKER SHAD, *a bit of old mahogany.*

Beaux and Belles of Dixie.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. The drawing-room of the Bonfoey Plantation in 1849. The letter.

ACT II. The dinner party. The duel.

ACT III. An April morning, three years later. The return.

THE ORIGINAL TWO BITS

A Farce in Two Acts

By Hazel M. Robinson

Written for and presented by The Invaders Club of the United Baptist Church of Lewiston, Maine

Seven females. Scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. The girls in camp receive a visit from a neighbor and have to borrow the neighbor's own dinner in order to feed them. They almost get away with it—not quite. Irish comedy character, eccentric aunt, rest straight.

Price, 25 cents

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